DC

30 DEC 95

UNDERWORLD UNLEASHED

JUSTICE LEAGUE

TASK FORCE™

TRIPLE THREAT!

PRIEST
BERNADO
WALLACE

NEARLY THREE DECADES AGO, Dr. SAUL ERDEL'S TELEPORTATION MACHINE REACHED ACROSS THE INKY VOID OF SPACE AND TRANSPORTED TWO LIFE FORMS FROM THEIR ALIEN HOMELAND TO PLANET EARTH.

ONE OF THOSE LIFE FORMS WAS DEAD.

...NOT THE GREEN WIRE, J'ONN--THE BLUE ONE! THE BLUE ONE!!

HONESTLY, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU DON'T JUST LET ME DO IT! IT'D BE SO MUCH FASTER!

THE OTHER LIVED THROUGH A TRAUMATIC ADJUSTMENT PERIOD AND SOON ADAPTED TO HIS NEW HOME.

J'ONN--? J'ONN!!

TO REDUCE TERRAN ANXIETY, THIS LIFE FORM REASSERTED ITSELF AS A HUMANOID AND TOOK ON A NEW NAME--

--J'ONN J'ONZZ, THE MANHUNTER FROM MARS.

I *HATE* BEING IGNORED!

NOW LOOK--FROM THE *TOP*--THE FUSION REACTOR CORE IS OF DWERGION DESIGN--

--THAT MEANS YOU HAVE TO *BABY* IT A LITTLE!

I ♥ NY

I SURVIVED A RIDE ON THE NY SUBWAY

IF YOU REROUTE THE PRIMARY LEADS, THAT MAY GIVE YOU A *LITTLE* MORE OOMPH, BUT MY SUGGESTION WOULD BE--

YAZZ--?

YES, J'ONN?

SHUT UP.

YES, J'ONN.

HAVE YOU CONTACTED MY *TASK FORCE* --?

I AM NOTHING IF NOT EFFICIENT, J'ONN. YOUR TEAM HAS MUSTERED IN THE MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM--

THUNDERWORLD

--BUT I'D ENTER SLOWLY IF I WERE YOU--

--THAT'S ONE TEED-OFF GROUP.

SO I SEE.

PRIEST ▼ WRITER RAMON**BERNADO** ▼ PENCILLER C**WALLACE** & M**STEGBAUER**▼ INKERS
ADRIENNE**ROY** ▼ COLORIST KEVIN**CUNNINGHAM** ▼ LETTERER ALISANDE**MORALES** ▼ ASS'T ED. RUBEN**DIAZ** ▼ EDITOR
COVER BY CHRIS BATISTA & CHIP WALLACE, COLORED AND SEPARATED BY MATT HOLLINGSWORTH

I'M AFRAID THERE'S BEEN A MISUNDER-STANDING.

LET ME GUESS-- *YAZZ.*

WHAT'S A YAZZ--?

AN *ASSISTANT* OF SORTS, HERE ON THE *JUSTICE LEAGUE AMERICA* REFUGE. MY APOLOGIES, FRIENDS--

--THERE IS NO EMERGENCY. I MEANT ONLY TO SUMMON MY STUDENTS.

BUT YAZZ POLLED THE DATABASE AND SENT OUT A *PRIORITY ALERT* TO EVERYONE EVER ASSOCIATED WITH THE TASK FORCE.

I SHALL REMEDY THE SITUATION.

I HOPE SO, MANHUNTER--

--I *HATE* ANSWERING *FALSE ALARMS.*

Y'KNOW-- I COULD ARRANGE A TRANSPORT UNIT FOR YOU--

SURVIVED A RIDE ON THE NY SUBWAY

LET ME GUESS-- YOU'RE YAZZ.

I *AM* GRATIFIED BY THE SCOPE OF RESPONSE. THANK YOU, ALL.

YOU KNOW, J'ONN-- WE COULD *USE* YOU AROUND HERE. SO MUCH... *CHAOS...* SUDDENLY ERUPTING AROUND US. *

NOT MANY *FOUNDING MEMBERS* OF THE LEAGUE *LEFT* THESE DAYS--

*SEE UNDERWORLD: THE SLOGAN PRIEST CAN'T REMEMBER-- Roo

HAAARRR-- UMMPFFF!!

YOU DON'T COUNT.

BY THE WAY, TRIUMPH-- AREN'T YOU *FIRED* --?

C'MON, BART.

NO!! WAITASEC-- LEGGO--

J'ONN--

--I'VE HEARD SOME DISTURBING REPORTS.

SOMETHING ABOUT A--"CHOKULA"--? ABOUT YOU ABANDONING YOUR TEAM IN VANDAL SAVAGE'S HEADQUARTERS--?

BEATING TRIUMPH TO UNCONSCIOUS-NESS?

LOOK, J'ONN--I KNOW IT'S *YOUR* TEAM, BUT--

--IT JUST DOESN'T SOUND LIKE *YOU*.

I SEE.

AND *YOU* KNOW ME.

WELL... ...I... *DID*...

DIANA... *LIGHTEN UP.*

I'M JUST SPOOKING THE KIDS.

TRUST ME.

I DO. I WILL. SORRY I ASKED.

GOTTA GO, J'ONN--

BUT, J'ONN--THINK ABOUT IT--

--THINK ABOUT COMING *HOME*.

OREOS

OKAY, J'ONN--IT'S JUST *US.* WHERE'S THE *FIRE?*

SPEAKING OF *FIRE,* ISN'T THAT A *BOOT PRINT* I SEE ON YOUR BUTT, TRIUMPH--?

SHUT UP, MYSTEK.

HEY-- BLONDIE-- MAKE YOUR *MOVE.*

MY SUMMONS CONCERNS *L-RON.* HE'S BEEN *CAPTURED--*

ALERT! ALERT! ALERT!

YAZZ-- WE'RE TRYING TO HAVE A MEETING.

Oh. I'M SORRY. NEVER MIND--

--WE'LL JUST LET SOMEBODY ELSE STOP A 473 POUND RAMPAGING LUNATIC FROM LEVELING A BUILDING FULL OF PEOPLE.

YOU GUYS WANT COFFEE--?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, YES, YAZZ. REFRESHMENTS ARE AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION.

WHA-- J'ONN--YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS--?

GOT ANY DIET COKE--?

YOU'RE JUST GOING TO *IGNORE* A JUSTICE LEAGUE ALERT?!

THIS ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR IDIOT "*TRAINING ROUTINES*" --?

IF IT *IS,* IT IS OF NO CONCERN TO *YOU,* TRIUMPH.

I'LL ASSUME YOUR PRESENCE HERE TO BE PART OF YAZZ'S ERROR.*

ASSUME WHAT YOU *LIKE,* MARTIAN--I'M *SICK* OF YOU TREATING ME LIKE A *CHILD.*

*SINCE J'ONN FIRED TRIUMPH IN ISSUE #28 -- Roo

SHUT UP, WILL. SHUT UP, WILL.

IN THAT CASE, I SUGGEST YOU STOP *ACTING* LIKE ONE.

Oh, NO... NOT AGAIN...

SNORT HA!

THERE ISN'T *TIME* TO TREAT THIS CALL AS A *TRAINING SESSION.* L-RON FACES *GRAVE DANGER,* AND OUR *WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY* NARROWS WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT.

I WILL TEND TO THIS THREAT *ALONE.*

YOU ARE ALL INSTRUCTED TO REMAIN *IN THIS ROOM* UNTIL I RETURN--

--EXCEPT FOR *TRIUMPH,* WHO MAY LEAVE AT *ANY TIME.*

NICE GOING, MAGNET-FACE!

JUST SHUT THE HELL UP, FLOWER BOY!

WHY DON'T YOU *SHUT* ME UP--Oh, THAT'S RIGHT--*YOU TRIED THAT!*

WHY DON'T YOU GO FIGHT *DEATH DUCK*--BEFORE HE ICES SOMEBODY *ELSE'S* DAD!

Oh--LOW BLOWS FROM CAPTAIN LIMBO--THE TEN-YEAR LOSER!

I BELIEVE YOUR 18 YEARS IN THE *HOUSE* TOPS *THAT,* AND, Oh, BY THE WAY--*HOW'S YOUR GIRLFRIEND?*

MAN--THIS IS GREAT! YOU'RE ALL A BUNCHA IDIOTS!

GONE--LIKE YOUR JAILBIRD *DAD*--

--WHO IS AT LEAST *STILL ALIVE*--

--BETTER A DEAD *HERO* THAN A LIVE *CROOK*--

THAT'S IT, TRIUMPH--OPEN MOUTH--INSERT ELBOW!

I'M *SICK* OF *CARRYING* YOU, TERRILL--!

CARRYING *ME*?! *YOUR* NAME OUGHTTA BE *SAMSONITE!*

STOP IT-- BOTH OF YOU--!!

FIGHT! FIGHT!!

AND, THE WAY *YOUR* LIFE IS GOING, *YOURS* OUGHTTA BE *JACKSON*--!

I GOT YOUR "*JACKSON*" RIGHT HERE, GUMBY--!!

R--RAY--!!!

RAAAYY--!!

SSSZZ

ZWAAA

MONESERAT, SWITZERLAND..

HEADS UP..!!!

THUD

THUD

OR SHOULD I SAY, "HEADS OFF" --?!!

HAR HAR HAR HAR--!!

RUN FOR YOUR *USELESS LIVES*, YOU SWISS *MALL RATS!!* THIS IS MY TURF NOW-- *ME--*

--SHRAPNEL!!

AND, LET ME *TELL* YA--I'M A *RIOT!!*

--huh--?

HERE--ALLOW ME TO *DEMON-STRATE--*

AAAIIEEEE--!!

BRRUUUPP!

YOU--
YOU'RE
CRAZY--!!

I'M
LATE.

WHAAAMM

YAZZ--IS THE SLAB SPECIAL FORCES UNIT EN ROUTE ?

YOU BETCHA. COMIN' UP THE STAIRS NOW. BUT, J'ONN--I GOT ANOTHER ALERT--

I SUSPECTED THERE *WOULD* BE. GIVE ME THE COORDINATES--

"--AND INFORM MY CREW I WILL BE *DELAYED.*"

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS, WILL-- J'ONN SAID *STAY PUT.*

THAT WAS BEFORE *YOU* TOSSED GYPSY OUT AN AIRLOCK, ZIT HEAD.

HEY, I KNOW-- WHY DON'T YOU TWO FIGHT SOME MORE--*THAT'LL* BE PRODUCTIVE.

LOOK-- SQUIRT, YOU'RE THE *JUNIOR MEMBER* OF THIS TEAM--

--AND, OF THE THREE OF US, THE ONLY *OFFICIAL* JUSTICE LEAGUER *HERE.*

WHICH MEANS THERE ARE A *VARIETY* OF PLACES YOU CAN *BITE ME.*

BESIDES, WILL, AREN'T YOU LATE FOR YOUR "*A MARTIAN KICKED MY BUTT*" GROUP SESSION--?

I SAY WE KILL HIM. HIDE THE BODY.

OKAY, Mr. "*OFFICIAL*"-- WHAT'S THE PLAN--?

THE "*PLAN,*" GENIUS, IS "*FIND GYPSY BEFORE J'ONN GETS BACK.*" THIS FILM IS NOT YET RATED.

MY *KEY* HAS *LOCKED ON* TO THE COMMUNICATOR IN GYPSY'S UNIFORM. THING IS, HERE IN *WEIRDVILLE*--

--I CAN'T *PIN HER DOWN* EXACTLY.

GYPSY IS *DEFINITELY* INSIDE *ONE* OF THOSE *THREE BUILDINGS.*

I SAY WE SPLIT UP--

NO-- YOU *THINK* --?!

--YOU'RE A TESTOSTERONE-CRAZED MAGNO-DWEEB?

YES, AS A MATTER OF FACT, I *DO.*

MADRID--

TAKE THAT~!!!

KKEERRAAASSSHH!!

MADRID IS MY TOWN!! MINE!!

IF ANYBODY ASKS YOU, TELL 'EM THIS BURG IS THE PROPERTY--

--OF SLEDGE!!

THUD

OOOFF!

SLEDGE-- WHY ARE YOU HERE?

AS IF I'D EVEN TELL SOMEBODY LIKE YOU, GREEN BOY!!

TELL YA WHAT-- I'LL WRITE IT DOWN FOR YOU--

--RIGHT ON YOUR DAMNED TOMBSTONE --!!

THE ENTIRE *PLANET* IS IN *CHAOS*, SEEMINGLY *RANDOM* ACTS OF *VIOLENCE*-- BY PARANORMALS LIKE YOURSELF.

I'M *CERTAIN* THERE'S SOME *PATTERN*.

WHY ARE YOU *HERE*--?

--*EH*--? PASSING *THROUGH* YOU--?!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD DO THAT--

AN OLD PARLOR TRICK.

SLEDGE-- WHY ARE YOU HERE?

I CAN'T HEAR YOU.

AAAAARRRGGGHHHH--!!

SUCH LANGUAGE.

I WILL INCREASE MY *DENSITY* UNTIL YOU ANSWER MY QUESTION--

YOU @#$%&!!!

--OR YOUR *ARM* IS *SEVERED*.

IT WAS THE *GUY*!! THE *GUY*--!!

"NERON" --?

WHAT GUY, SLEDGE? I WANT A *NAME*.

HE SAID-- SAID HIS NAME WAS--

--*NERON*!

"--COULD THIS BE SOME KIND OF *TRAP*--?

Oh--YEAH, MYSTEK--LET'S SPLIT UP. THINK I'LL CRUISE AROUND *BORIS KARLOFF'S CONDO* ALL BY MYSELF.

CAN'T BELIEVE THE JLA ACTUALLY *HANG OUT* HERE. I MEAN, HOW'D THEY DO THAT--

"--HEY, I KNOW--LET'S SET UP A CLUB-HOUSE HERE ON THIS VAST, UNEXPLORED ALIEN SATELLITE."

"THINK SOME SLIME MONSTER WILL *EAT US*--? NAH!"

MAN, I NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE DELIVERING THESE *FLOWERS*--"*CONSUMMATING*" MY DEAL WITH KATHY--OR NERON--OR CIRCE--

...--*WHOEVER* IT WAS I *KISSED* A FEW MOMENTS AGO, *

CIRCE MADE A *DEAL* WITH ME TO GET RID OF *DEATH MASQUE*--IN EXCHANGE FOR MY *SOUL*...WHATEVER *THAT* MEANS...

**SEE RAY #19 FOR THE WEIRD SCOOP-- Roo*

...AND ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DELIVER THESE POSIES... BUT NOW I'M STUCK *HERE!*

GOTTA FIND GYPSY AND *JET*. GET THESE FLOWERS DELIVERED BEFORE HE/SHE/WHATEVER FINDS OUT.

HELLO, RAY. AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO *BE SOMEPLACE*?

GHAAAHH!!

IT'S--IT'S *YOU*--KATHY NOREN--AS A *GUY*--YOU CALLED YOURSELF--

NERON. YES, RAY. THAT'S ME.

I THOUGHT WE HAD A *DEAL*.

WELL--I WAS--BUT THEN I GOT THIS *ALERT*--

--DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU WERE *CIRCE*--?

FIRST THINGS *FIRST*, RAY. I'M A VERY BUSY MAN THESE DAYS.

GOT A *LOT* OF OFFERS ON THE TABLE RIGHT NOW.

IF *YOU* DON'T WANT TO *DEAL*--

--I'LL HAVE TO FIND SOMEONE WHO *DOES*.

THESE *COSTUMES* J'ONN AND L-RON DESIGNED AREN'T *TERRIBLE*--I MEAN, IT'S NOT AS *BULKY* AS MY OLD "*Mr. RUBBER*" OUTFIT--

--AND SWITCHING BETWEEN THE THREE MODES--NORMAL--OFF-DUTY--AND "*OFF*"--IS *MUCH* EASIER THAN PEELING OUT OF HEAD-TO-TOE LATEX.

BUT IT'S *STILL* A CONFINING DISGUISE--

I'M *CHOKING* IN THIS *SUIT*.

HAVEN'T BEEN REAL *GOOD* WITH *CONFINED SPACES*--

--NOT SINCE *SEOUL*.

--ONE I'M NOT SURE I EVEN *NEED* ANYMORE.

I MEAN-- WHEN I FIRST STUMBLED INTO THE TF CLUBHOUSE, I THOUGHT THEY WERE *CONNECTED*--

--EMPIRE VALLEY-- WAR LOCKE-- ALL OF THAT.

BUT THEY'RE NOT. THEY'RE CORNY-- KINDA STUPID--

--BUT THEY'RE MY *FRIENDS.* THE ONLY ONES I ACTUALLY *HAVE.*

AND THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW MY REAL *NAME.*

NEED TO CUT THEM SOME *SLACK*--

HELLO, SEONG.

Oh-- THAT'S RIGHT-- YOU PREFER TO BE CALLED "*BARCLAY.*"

I PREFER *NOT* TO BE CALLED AT *ALL* BY *YOU,* DOG-FACE--!

NERON, IF YOU DON'T MIND, BARCLAY.

OKAY. *Mr.* DOG-FACE. HATE TO BREAK THIS TO YOU, BUT--

--WE'VE GOT *NOTHING* TO *TALK* ABOUT!!

ZHMMMM

SURE WE DO.

STILL PARANOID, Eh--? EVEN *AFTER* YOU'VE ALREADY *KILLED* WAR LOCKE?

QUARK-BASED ELASTIC PROACTIVE MATTER MAKES QUITE THE *SNACK* FOR HENRY, HERE.

WHAT DO YOU *WANT,* CREEP?

Oh, MY DEAR GIRL--OR IS IT MY YOUNG MAN--?

IT'S NOT WHAT *I* WANT-- BUT WHAT *YOU* WANT!

WHAT IS YOUR HEART'S *DESIRE,* SEONG?

AND WHAT WOULD YOU *GIVE ME* TO MAKE THAT DESIRE COME TO *PASS*--?

OF COURSE...

THE FALLEN ANGEL WALKS AMONG YOU.

THE FALSE GODS DIE BEFORE YOU.

LET THE EARTH FEAR AND DREAD--

--BRIMSTONE LIVES.

I AM BRIMSTONE, THE FALLEN ANGEL!

PALADIN OF APOKOLIPS! FOOT SLAVE OF LORD DARKSEID!

SLAYER OF FALSE GODS--

SSSMAAAA--SSSSHH!!

--SUCH AS THESE--!!

IN TOO CLOSE-- DISTRACTED--

--BY THE HEAT--

--THE-- FIRE--

THE FIRE.

THE FUNERAL. THE FIRES OF PURIFICATION.

THE LAST IMAGE OF HIS WIFE--

DEATH TO ALL ENEMIES OF APOKOLIPS -- !!

THE FIRE...

THE FIRE BEFORE THE TELEPORTATION MACHINE BROUGHT THE TWO LIFE FORMS TO EARTH...

...BEFORE ONE OF THOSE LIFE FORMS DIED...

J'ONN--

--I'M SO SORRY. FOR YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER...

ENOUGH!!

ZZZ

WHAT--WHAT MANNER OF TRICKERY--?

DIFFICULT TO DEFINE IN TERRAN TERMS.

LET'S SAY IT'S IONIZED PARTICULATE MATTER MAPPED TO A VARIABLE DENSITY WAVE PACKET.

BAH-- X-RAY VISION--?

A DISMISSIVE COLLOQUIAL, MUCH LIKE "*MARTIAN VISION.*" BUT, YES, IT CAN HAVE THAT NET EFFORT--

--PARTICULARLY WHEN I'M *LOOKING* FOR SOMETHING.

THOU SHALT **DIE**, DEFILER--BRIMSTONE SHALL **SMOTHER** THEE UTTERLY--!!

I THINK NOT.

NOO!! NOO!! NOOOOO!!!

AS I SUSPECTED--

--BRIMSTONE'S *HUMAN HOST.*

WHAT-- WHAT HAPPENED --?

ONE MINUTE I WAS MOVING THE *TECHNO SEED.*

--THEN YOU WERE *APPROACHED.*

US DEPT OF DEFENSE

SOME *GUY*-- SAID HIS NAME WAS *NERO*--OR *RERUN*-- SOMETHING--

MADE ME AN *OFFER*--

..YOU *COULDN'T REFUSE.* YES.

THESE *DISTURBANCES*... ACROSS THE GLOBE ARE INDEED *CONNECTED.*

AND I HAVE LEFT MY *STUDENTS EXPOSED* WHILE NERON DISTRACTS ME. YAZZ--

YOWZA?

SET THE *TRACTOR BEAM*--I'M ON MY WAY--

I CAN ONLY *IMAGINE* WHOM THIS "*NERON*" WILL APPROACH *NEXT*--

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE REFUGE...

OUT.

GET OUT. STAY OUT. GET AWAY.

THIS IS MOST DEFINITELY *NOT* FOR ME.

I WAS *THERE* WITH J'ONN AND THE OTHERS--AT THE *VERY BEGINNING.* SURE, I SPENT TEN YEARS OUTSIDE THE TIME STREAM--

--SO I STILL *LOOK* LIKE A KID--BUT I DESERVE MORE *RE-SPECT* THAN THIS.

FROM *HIM*--

HEH HEH HEH HEH

--?!

--THE JUSTICE *LEAGUE*-- THE *ORIGINAL* GROUP--

--THE GROUP *I* ASSEMBLED! *

BUT-- THIS MAKES NO SENSE--

Oh, IT MAKES *PERFECT* SENSE, BILLY MAC--

*SEE JLA #92 --Roo

--OR SHOULD I CALL YOU "CAPTAIN LIMBO"--?

"THE TEN-YEAR LOSER"--?

HEH HEH! HEH!

HEH HEH!

HEH

TRIUMPH SUCKS...

HEH HEH!

THAT WAS NOT MY FAULT!! I DID WHAT WAS RIGHT--WHAT WAS NEEDED!!

YOU ASSAULTED ME BECAUSE I WOULDN'T GO ALONG WITH YOUR HAIR-TRIGGER PLAN...

HEH HEH!!

WHY THE DEVIL AM I ARGUING WITH A FREAKING ILLUSION?!! WHAT DO YOU KNOW, ANYWAY??

I KNOW ENOUGH, BILLY MAC --!!

I KNOW YOU THINK YOU'RE A MASTER PLANNER--

--WHEN YOU'RE REALLY ONLY A TUNA SANDWICH!

SHMAACK!

NO... GET OFF OF ME...

...YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF IDIOTS...

...YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH WORK I PUT INTO...

...GET OFF OF ME--!!

HEH HEH

HEH!

HEH HEH... HEH HEH...

...HEH...

HEH HEH

...HEH HEH...

HEH HEH...

TRIUMPH SUCKS...

WHA--?

Oh--NOW WHAT--?

LOOK WHERE YOUR LIFE HAS BROUGHT YOU, WILL MacINTYRE.

LOOK AT WHERE YOUR CHOICES HAVE LEFT YOU.

RICH, YES. BUT BROKEN, BITTER, AND ALONE.

IF NOT FOR YOUR POWERS RELIEVING THE PRESSURE ON YOUR FRACTURED SPINE--YOU WOULDN'T EVEN BE ABLE TO MOVE.

YOU MUST SLEEP IMMOBILIZED IN THIS HARNESS EVERY NIGHT. YOU COULD SAY--

--YOU MADE QUITE A LIVING HELL FOR YOURSELF.

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

YOU'RE A JOKE AMONG THE FEW OTHER HEROES WHO'VE EVEN HEARD OF YOU. YOU'VE LOST A DECADE OF YOUR LIFE.

LOST WHAT FEW FRIENDS YOU ONCE HAD--

--AND HAVE ALIENATED THE FEW YOU HAVE NOW. YOU ARE THE SINGLE MOST UNLIKABLE PERSON ON THIS PLANET. A DISTINCTION YOU PERPETUATE--

--BY REFUSING TO ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR OWN ACTIONS.

THAT'S NOT TRUE!!! DAMN YOU--!!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

WELL, BILLY MAC--HAVE I GOT A DEAL FOR YOU.

GUARANTEED TO SOLVE ALL OF YOUR PROBLEMS.

MAY EVEN MAKE A MAN OF YOU.

SHUT UP--!! SHUT UP!

I OFFER YOU A *BARGAIN.* A *SPECIAL,* SINCE MY TIME'S RATHER LIMITED AT THE MOMENT.

I AM PREPARED TO GIVE YOU THOSE TEN YEARS BACK.

TO *UNDO* ALL OF YOUR *SCREWUPS.* STARTING WITH THE *FIRST* ONE-- WITH THE *MANHUNTER.*

THWACK

THINK ABOUT IT: IF *YOU* HADN'T LOST THOSE YEARS, YOU WOULD BE A *LEGEND* BY NOW, LIKE SUPERMAN--AND J'ONN.

YOU WOULD *LEAD* JUSTICE LEAGUE AMERICA-- INSTEAD OF BEING MERELY A *MEMBER* OF THE LEAGUE'S TRAINING TEAM.

YOUR *BACK* WOULD BE *WHOLE.*

YOUR *MIND* LESS TROUBLED.

YOU COULD TAKE YOUR RIGHTFUL PLACE IN HISTORY.

ALL THIS SHALL I DO FOR *YOU.*

THE PRICE: YOUR ETERNAL *SOUL.*

BUT-- NO NEED TO DECIDE RIGHT THIS MOMENT. TAKE YOUR *TIME.*

IN THIS *BOX* IS A *CANDLE.* IT IS *MY* CANDLE *DESTROY* THE BOX AND WE HAVE NO BARGAIN. HOWEVER, SHOULD YOU DECIDE TO *ACCEPT*--

--MERELY *OPEN* THE BOX.

YOU WILL GET WHAT *YOU* MOST DESIRE--

--AND SO WILL *I.*

SEE YOU IN ETERNITY, BILLY MAC...

TRIUMPH... *TRIUMPH*--!!

--CAN YOU *HEAR* ME--?

WHA-- WHAT-- *GYPSY* --?!

YEAH, SEEMS THAT LITTLE PLATFORM I FELL ON IS SOME KIND OF HINKY *AIR SCOOTER*. TOOK ME AWHILE TO GET THE *HANG* OF IT.

SORRY IF I *SCARED* YOU.

MAN-- DOESN'T THIS JOINT JUST GIVE YOU THE *CREEPS*?! HOW CAN THE JLA BE SO... HO-HUM ABOUT THIS?

--SOME KIND OF --*DREAM*--?

HEY, WILL-- ARE *WE* HAVING A CONVERSATION, OR AM I *INTERRUPTING* SOMETHING?

--NOT QUITE--

EARTH TO WILL-- EARTH TO WILL--!!

GYPSY-- DID YOU SEE-- SEE A *GUY*-- SOMEBODY TRYING TO MAKE YOU A *DEAL*--?

A BUG GUY, CATERPILLAR GUY, A MONKEY GUY, NO "*DEAL*" GUY. SORRY.

WILL--THIS..."*REFUGE*" IS *CRAWLING* WITH ALL KINDS OF STRANGE CREATURES. I'M SURE IT WAS NOTHING.

BUT I *DID* GET A BLAST FROM THE YAZZ-- J'ONN'S ON HIS WAY AND WE'D BETTER HUSTLE BACK TO THE CONFERENCE ROOM.

HEY-- DID ANY OF YOU SEE SOME WEIRD GUY TRYING TO MAKE A *DEAL*?

I TOLD HIM WHERE HE COULD *SHOVE IT*. GEEZ, THIS DUMP GIVES ME THE *WILLIES*.

YOU'RE *LATE*, MYSTEK. WE'VE ALREADY *HAD* THAT CONVERSATION.

Oh. WILL AND RAY STILL FIGHTING--?

NOPE.

GEEZ-- WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE *GOOD* FOR--?

OKAY, THEN-- RAY--

--WHAT'S WITH THE *FLOWERS*?

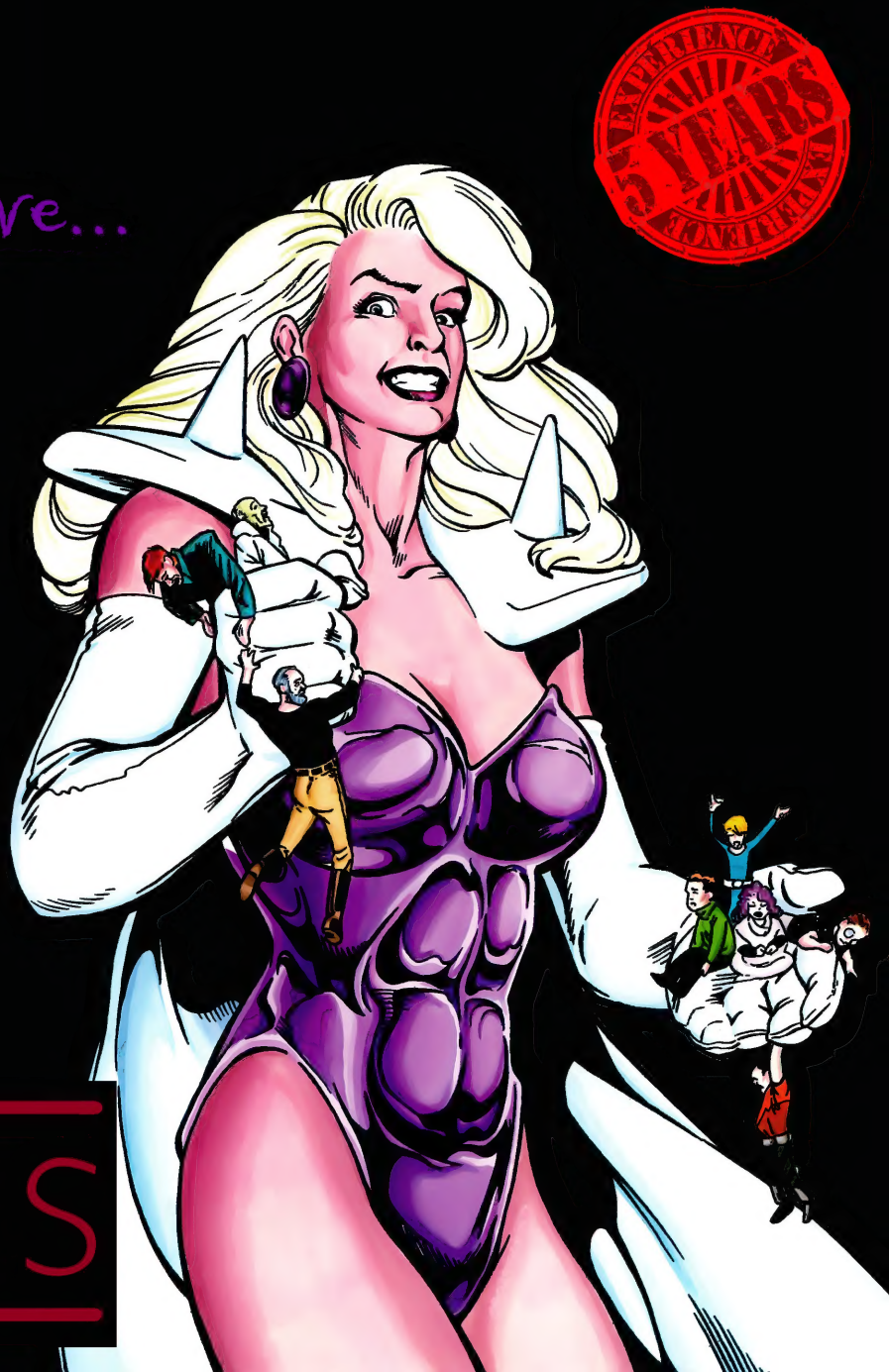
▼ NEXT ISSUE ▼

THE ACCUSED

CONTINUES AS THE TF TREKS ACROSS SPACE TO SAVE THEIR CAPTURED FRIEND, L-RON. BUT WILL THEY SURVIVE THE JOURNEY CONFINED IN A TINY SPACE POD?

WE'VE YET TO PLAY BY THE RULES, SO I'D STICK AROUND IF I WERE YOU...

From Baaldur, with love...



GLORITH

novus